Horned

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Horned

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Ádamos wants to kill the famed beast that lives on an uninhabited island. He knows that to do so will allow him to spin the greatest of tales and be celebrated as a hero. But then he meets Elias, the Minotaur.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

When the boat hit the shallow waters, Ádamos jumped out of the small craft, helping to heave it the short way up the sandbank with a small number of the sailors who were sharing in this quest with him.

When his feet hit the dry sand of the beach, Ádamos took in a deep breath, drawing in and tasting the crisp sea air, the slight tang of citrus from trees just up from shore and… something else.

A scent that was raw and earthy with a hint of something like hard ridden horse flesh, beastly. It caught on the back of his throat and was gone again, just a drifting odour along this beach, but he was sure he would find it stronger elsewhere.

Ádamos looked up and down the beach of the small island. It was uninhabited, he knew. It had once been home to an order of priests whose temple would be found further inland. But the cult had waned, and the temple had fallen into disrepair. So had, no doubt, the elaborate labyrinth under the island.

A natural network of caves, it had one time been built into something quite spectacular if all accounts were to be believed. Something to rival even those of Minos. And like Minos, rumour had it that there lived within a beast. Where it had come from, different people would tell of different origins, agreeing only that the bastard and deformed child was yet another joke of Zeus and had been hidden away here, forgotten by all but those who would retell these stories.

Stories that, whilst he was deep in his cups, had stirred something within Ádamos.

He had first heard tell in a tavern, of a sailor who had been the only survivor of a party to land on the island in desperate need of supplies. The rest had been killed to a man by a great beast.

It struck Ádamos that to slay such a beast might earn him the notoriety he sought. His name would go down in the annals of time and be spoken freely all over the land in the same breath as Herakles, Theseus and Perseus.

Of course, the immediate and likely financial gain was much more appealing. He would be invited to dine with the richest of families to regale them with his tale of monsters and valour. With his talent for spinning tales, and proof in the form of the beast's head, Ádamos was sure he'd never want for anything again.

Hence, from there he had made it his business to know more about the island and it's apparent sole remaining inhabitant. Seeking what written word he could find and more tales here and there - some likely more fantasy than others. Until he had a firm view in his mind and set the entirety of his wealth, little as it was, and all of his charm, in employing a ship and crew to join him in this adventure.

It did not once enter his imagination that he would not succeed, for although he was not the most athletic of men, or the strongest, he did like to count himself as one of the more intelligent and cunning. He was completely confident that he would best the beast easily. For how hard could it be to outwit a deformed and degenerate soul?

Ádamos had absolute faith that within days of setting foot on the island he would return to Thebes with the head of the beast, and a story worthy of legend.

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Ádamos had declined the company of the sailors moving inland, wanting the glory for himself and advising them they should replenish what supplies they could.

So it was alone that Ádamos walked for the greater part of the day.

The sun was falling low in the sky when he reached the ruined remains of the temple that presented the entranceway to the labyrinth. It wasn't at all much bigger than the temple at Delphi, but where one might expect a to see some kin to The Pythia, the place was empty. Cold stone that had been worn over the years. It looked long dead and Ádamos wondered if the same might be true to the beast?

He had no plans to find out this day, instead pulling out the bedroll he had brought on his pack and seeking slightly higher ground. A knoll next to the temple clearing became his home for the night and he built a small fire, ate some dried fish and pulled his xiphos to rest by his hand as he slept.

*

His sleep had been fitful and he couldn't recall the dream, only the sense of a presence. Of being watched and studied. Ádamos woke expecting to find his little camp disturbed, but it was not. Even so, as he packed up and readied himself for the tunnels below, he couldn't help but feel unnerved.

He took great care in preparing the a torch with the supplies he had brought and the thankfully dead and dry limb of one of the citrus trees the island seemed to be full of. And had to admit that, as he lit the torch from the embers of his fire, his hands shook.

Trepidation or nerves, he wouldn't say, but there was no turning back now. He had invested all in this and the expectation had been made. He must return with the head of the beast or be ostracised from all good society as a liar and a fool.

Ádamos took a breath and made his way into the temple.

It was cold and dark. Long since disused, it felt like a shell and not the living, breathing place he knew temples to be. It sent a chill deep into his bones that he knew would only be settled by the kiss of sunlight.

The sun had not long risen when he had left his little camp, not that light mattered - the sun not making it's way much passed the temple doors. From here in he would be plunged into darkness and at it's mercy.

He swallowed and, shivering, stepped forward.

The entrance to the labyrinth was via some deep steps cut into the natural rock. The sound of his sandals on the stone echoed around a space he couldn’t quite see the extent of, even with his burning torch. Ádamos steeled himself and tried not to think of what might be lurking in the dark as he descended.

It felt as though he were lowering himself into the bowels of the earth, becoming colder and colder the deeper he went.

And there was that scent again. Something like an animal but not quite, and now the faint scent of citrus - their proportions reversed from on the beach.

Ádamos stumbled when the steps ended, the noise echoing even louder as he found his feet. He put out his hand and reached until he found the wall, immediately finding a chain nailed along it, a guide along the path. He could feel the cold of it, the damp where from the subterranean tunnel that left it rough with rust. It clanked in his hand and against the wall as he moved along in the near dark.

It was perhaps an hour of walking before the monotony ended, the tunnel forked, and then again and again. Each time he continued to hold the chain and hoped that this lead somewhere. A clearing or some sort of living area where there might be signs of the beast. Somewhere that Ádamos could hopefully evaluate and assess, work out how to best the monster.

The scent did not change, not growing stronger or weaker, just continuing with no clue as to what lay ahead, or behind in the unchosen tunnels.

Another hour or more must have passed by the time Ádamos finally happened on an open space. But not a living area. The chain ended in what appeared to be a chamber with five other tunnels

leading from it. He leaned the torch against the wall and let it burn against the stone, the dampness there making it spit the occasional ember.

With his back against the wall he crouched down to rest, taking some of the fish from his pack and eating it, a little cheese too. It was perhaps a mistake for the odour from both was strong enough to fill the chamber and he lost any traces of the scent he had hoped to follow.

Ádamos huffed at his own foolishness and pulled his water skin to wash down the food.

When he was refreshed Ádamos stood and took up the torch once more, inspecting each tunnel, trying to regain the scent, or find some other remarkable feature. None of them had a further chain, but as he started to return to the pack he had set down he noticed something he had missed in the very centre of the chamber as he had moved around the outer edge of it.

The floor was indented, not quite a pit but perhaps a hearth, and in it there lay ash and small shards, that on closer inspection, Ádamos was sure were small bones. They might be from an animal, or perhaps those of a human foot or hand. He wasn't sure, but a press of his hand in the ash confirmed for him that this had not been used in quite some time.

Perhaps the priests had left offerings here? Perhaps the beast had gone hungry since their departure. If he weren't so convinced that such a beast would have to have been born of one of the gods, Ádamos might have wondered if it had perished.

This was a fortuitous find, Ádamos was sure. If he could find some offering to place here, then this would likely lure the beast out, and into a trap that he could set.

Ádamos' mouth curled up into a smile. All he need do was return to the ship, there were three goats aboard that they used for milk, it would be little hardship for him to bring one here as an offering to the famished beast.

With that decided he turned to take the chain back up and hurry back, expecting that within a day he could rig some sort of netting using supplies from the ship, lure and capture the beast quite easily. Beheading it would be no effort once it was tangled in the thick haulage nets. With that plan in mind, he was sure to convince one or two of the braver or perhaps more enamoured of the sailors, to assist in carrying out the task.

He was about to retrace his path when he felt a light breeze, heard the faintest, low whistle of wind through one of the tunnels.

Ádamos frowned. It might be a quicker way out, it might be something that could interfere with the mechanics of his plan. It wouldn't do for the beast to have some means of escape open to it that could jeopardise Ádamos' goal.

With this in mind, Ádamos decided to investigate, finding the tunnel with the breeze and moving along it cautiously, with no chain guide him.

He wasn't much further along the tunnel when it grew lighter. At first Ádamos wondered if there was a torch ahead and stepped cautiously, not wanting to encounter the beast now that he had a firm plan. But as he continued on the light grew and was white, not the yellow of flames. The breeze grew, until his torch was flickering, and it became clear it was indeed some sort of access to the outside.

Now able to see the wide tunnel with little hindrance, Ádamos set his torch down leaving it to flicker against the wall again, as he continued towards the light.

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Ádamos's felt the change underfoot from stone and gravel to something softer, mud and moss. The tunnel, stones collapsed in here and there, held light ahead from a cave-in. But as he approached he realised it had been cleared in such a way as to create a viable entrance. Or exit. He continued as the tunnel began a gentle incline that would not have been there before this collapse, and found he had to hold his hand up against the ever bright light of day.

He emerged into a clearing, soft grass underfoot that grew thicker as he continued.

His breath caught in his throat as he continued into a grove of citrus trees, a place surely built by the gods. Blossom floated in the air as though time had slowed, light danced through the leaves and dew drops allowed the creation of prisms.

Ádamos was so completely taken by the enchantment of the place, that he did not see at first the figure resting against a tree half way into the grove. Not until he heard the slight snore that gave it away.

The man, for Ádamos felt fit to describe him as such, must stand almost seven feet tall, taller if the large, curved horns that erupted from his bull-head were counted. His body was Heraklean and could rival any statue carved to that demigod. His toned legs ended in large hooves, and his arms in large hands that could likely crush any mortal man's skull. His head was that of a bull, and yet Ádamos felt that he could see a human there, right down to the slightly over furred top lip that seemed to not quite mask a slight cleft.

And then there was the loincloth. The reason that Ádamos had to call this a man. For what beast wore clothes? Much less any to protect their modesty? The wide strip of tanned leather fit low on the man's hips and held the slightest bulge, no doubt a size therein fitting of the man's frame.

Ádamos's lips quirked into a smile at how the thought amused him, how it caused a flutter in his belly.

Certainly several of the sailors had kept him well entertained on the sea crossing, but none were skilled and none terribly well endowed - an unfortunate combination.

This was indeed the prize he had come for, and yet the slumbering form made it difficult to want to claim it. It might be easy, with one firm blow at the right angle, to take his head off in one. Perhaps he would be better sticking to his intended plan, rather than risk failure without the benefit of nets and perhaps more than just his sharp-edged xiphos.

And if he saw a beast before him Ádamos might have been able to do just that.

"Perhaps in your waking form you will prove the beast you are and I will have no compunctions…" Ádamos muttered to himself, hoping that when the man-bull awoke he was all grunts and beastly purpose.

A heavy lid blinked open at his words and the bovine iris focused on him immediately.

Ádamos stumbled backwards, the heal of one sandal catching in an uneven clump of grass that left him sprawling on his back, looking up as the minotaur rose to his feet and towered over him.

Both eyes were open now and held a curious expression, no fear. Of course Ádamos likely presented no obvious threat. If he managed to retreat now he might still be able to come back and enact the plan he had devised.

Ádamos scrambled backwards under a watchful eye, though no move was made to stop him as he rose, placed a hand on the hilt of his xiphos, raise the other in placation and began to back out of the grove.

He wondered if it could indeed be so easy, when the man-bull snorted out a breath and ducked his head, stalking towards Ádamos. He stumbled backwards, trying to move faster but only finding himself hitting up against a tree. Ádamos stood with his back against the thick trunk, trying to decide the best way to run - he was small enough and fast enough to escape-

Before he could finish the thought large horns slammed into the trunk either side of him, bringing the big bull head level with his face, though angled slightly so one big eye bore into him.

He could drop down and run, but was unsure he'd escape the large body that was almost caging his own.

"You woke me, that was very rude," The man's deep rumble of a voice was thick with an accent Ádamos couldn't place and he could see the furred top lip forming carefully around the words.

"I…" Ádamos swallowed. So this was more man than beast? Perhaps it might have been better not to hear his voice, because - once he managed to escape and best the man - it would would be more difficult to behead a man more so than a mindless beast.

"You seem like a rude little man," The man-bull continued.

Before Ádamos could reply, the man-bull pulled back, taking some of the tree bark with him as he straightened to his full height. He was at least a clear foot taller than Ádamos without counting his horns, and the momentary pause that gave Ádamos was enough to ensure he did not escape.

Hands were on him then, big and rough, holding him firmly by the upper arms and slinging him over a shoulder. The man-bull carried him as though he weighed nothing, and Ádamos knew he had made several errors in this adventure.

He was carried deeper into the grove and deposited next to, what he could only describe as a nest. Before he had chance to take in more than that he noticed that the man-bull had picked up a large tree branch.

With a swing likely less powerful than it might be, the hard wood came down upon Ádamos' skull.

Everything went black.

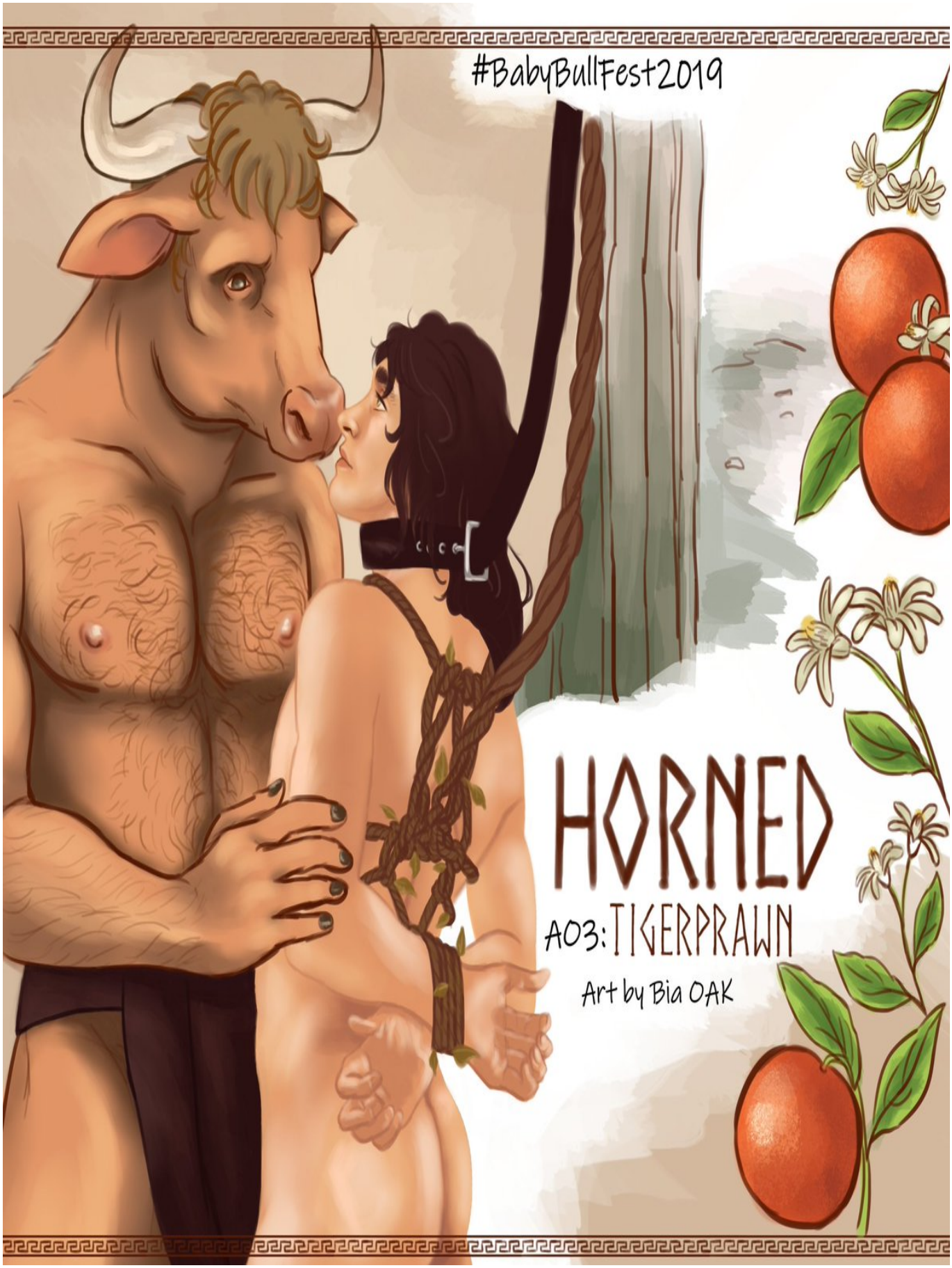
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Ádamos and Elias get to know each other... intimately.

Chapter Notes

This chapter features amazing cover art by the fabulous BiaOak!
Also go give it love and RT over on Bia's twitter <3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HORNED
A03: TIGERPRAWN
Art by Bia OAK

When Ádamos woke, he felt weightless and slightly chilly.

Blinking his eyes open it took a moment to focus, longer perhaps as the world was swaying slightly. Or maybe that was him?

He closed his eyes again and shook his head, trying to clear the fog he felt. When he opened them again he did his best to assess his situation.

He was indeed swaying, trussed in some well tied ropes that appeared to be made from thick vines, suspending him from the branches of a large citrus tree, far enough from the ground that he knew he would be of a height with the man-bull. Not that he could see his quarry.

Ádamos tried to move enough to look around and felt a pull at his neck. Enough to restrict but not enough to choke. It felt like a thick band of leather, a strap more than a collar - what might have been belt, likely made in the same tanned hide as his captor's loin cloth.

It was thoughts of the loin cloth that gave Ádamos pause for thought.

He himself had been stripped naked. This was moreover confirmed when he realised that there was a small pile of items next to the tree opposite, in the little nest. Folded into a neat pile were his clothes, his pack - partially emptied out - and his xiphos.

He felt more than heard the man-bull approaching behind him.

The heavy fall of his hooves, the snorts of breath.

Ádamos moved against his bindings, testing them more than anything and discovering there really wasn't much give at all, it only resulted in him swinging.

And Gods help him, he couldn't help but recall that one time in a tavern store where he and a temporary lover made use of the rope pulleys used to store the larger amphora. His cock gave the slightest twitch at the memory and he regretted that he couldn't do anything to hide himself.

The man-bull rounded on him and fixed him with a glare as his nostrils flared and he puffed hot air into Ádamos' face. For the briefest moment Ádamos worried that he'd scented that flash of arousal, but if he did he said nothing of it. Instead he asked -

"Are you lost or have you come to kill me?"

The question shouldn't have startled Ádamos but he found himself at a loss for words before replying quickly, "I was lost! I happened to stumble into the tunnels when I sought shelter in the temple last night and then made my way out here when I saw the light. I didn't mean to trespass my lord," he continued, bowing his head as much as his restraints would allow.

The man-bull snorted and blinked.

"Usually… People come to try and kill me," He sounded disbelieving before narrowing his eyes, "Are you sure you are being truthful? I don't like liars, it's very rude and shows very poor character."

Ádamos pressed on with his lie, taking care to look appropriately scandalised, "We set ashore to gather supplies, I… saw the fruit trees. My companions went to gather what they could and we became separated. Not knowing what wild creatures might roam these parts, I sheltered in the

temple hoping for the protection of the gods of this island," He made a show then of looking up through half-lidded eyes and speaking in reverent tones, "Had I known that such a strong and proud man as you lived in these parts, I should rather have prayed for the safety of your company."

The man-bulls' eyes went wide and he physically was taken aback, his hooves treading a short pace backwards before he blinked the expression away.

"I… Well, yes of course. I am very strong and would protect any that the gods ask me to. I am very honourable, many people say so." After a moment he continued adamantly, "I am the strongest on this island, I am very well known for it you know? People sing songs of my strength and how wonderful I am."

Ádamos felt his chest tighten with a stifled chuckle, though as amused as he was, he found himself not laughing *at* the strange fellow, but endearingly amused by him.

"Would you be my protector then my lord?" Ádamos asked quietly. "Would you let me down and allow me to dress, perhaps see me safely back to my crewmates?"

Even as he said the words he faltered, knowing that he should try and work this to his advantage, with his defenses lowered, he would likely be an easier kill. But the thought soured his gut a little. He had been right, seeing this beast as a man would make it harder to kill him.

After all, he wasn't a complete villain.

The man-bull hesitated, muttering to himself thoughtfully. Ádamos focused on the sound realising he was actually mumbling the words *my lord* over and over as he considered. Clearly a level of honour he'd been given before despite surely being lord of this domain.

"My lord?" Ádamos prompted, using the words to his advantage.

"I…" If he could have blushed with all that fur, then he surely did as he looked up and down Ádamos' naked and bound body. "I wanted to check you had no other weapons! And I… needed to ensure you didn't escape." His tone went from nervous to blustery as he then raged, "I couldn't risk that you had come to kill me! If I had let you roam free you might have killed me in my sleep! Like a coward!"

Ádamos nodded vehemently, "I would have taken the exact same precautions, my lord."

He was sure he didn't imagine the way the man-bull let out a shaky breath as Ádamos lowered his eyes whilst presenting the honorific yet again. And it was only the chance of that glance downward that Ádamos saw a twitch of his loincloth that accompanied that breath.

Ádamos swallowed and let out a shaky gasp of his own, unable to help but wonder what was under that strip of leather.

"If you'll let me down my lord I… I would be *very* grateful," Ádamos said, before swallowing again - the flutter through his chest more than nervousness. A realisation that he may very well mean this seduction.

It looked for a moment like the request was being considered, but then the man-bull reared back and stomped off, pacing heavily back and forth as he shook his head.

"You're trying to trick me. You… Do you think flattering me will… I'm not an imbecile."

"No, of course not," Ádamos agreed, "In fact, searching me for weapons, tying me up, why that was incredibly intelligent. I've rarely met someone as impressive in so many aspects of his character."

He tried to keep his tone believable, and was surprised when the man-bull let out a light sob. It was followed by some slightly louder sniffling and he ran the back of his large hand over his bovine nose.

"I… I've upset you my lord? That wasn't-"

Ádamos was glad he was cut off before the panic was able to inform his tone. Certainly, such an emotional being was one to be wary of.

"It isn't… I'm very popular, people praise me in such a way all the time. My intelligence and strength are well known! And… and my… charm and attentiveness."

Ádamos was sure the man-bull's jaw tightened, and he definitely looked askance as though waiting for confirmation, so Ádamos promptly replied, "Oh, I believe it. I feel an immense sense of good fortune having happened upon you. Perhaps the gods intended for you to see me safely to my ship."

There was a moment of silence before a great cry echoed around the trees, and it took Ádamos a moment longer to realise that the man-bull was now bawling like a babe in arms.

"Uh…" Ádamos was at a loss for words as this situation continued to escalate. "Are you well?" He asked gently where he might have scoffed at the emotions others in the past, he found he had no such desire now.

"The gods hate me," The man-bull wailed.

"Are you… um, did you your mother… mate with a bull?" Ádamos ventured, trying to get a better understanding of the situation. For the only other he had heard of like this had been the offspring of Queen Pasiphaë and the Cretan bull. He was sure there must be some mischief of the gods involved.

The sharp look the man-bull gave him stilled Ádamos' breath.

"No she did not. My mother was a wonderful woman who would have loved me very much had she survived my birth."

Ádamos tried to hide the wince, and what to others might have been clear discomfort but to his new companion went completely unobserved.

"My father was cursed by the gods. He was a genius, much like myself. And the gods were jealous so they made it that he could only beget beasts. I have an owl, a chicken, a dog and a mouse for brothers." These words came out on more, softer, sobs.

"Where are your brothers now?" Ádamos wanted to pretend the concern he felt wasn't concern for the poor creature before him, but merely a fear that he might be set upon at any minute by an owl ready to snatch his gizzards, or a mouse the size of a grown man. But there was true concern there, a desire not to see this man-bull in pain.

Another few sniffs before he answered, "They left. I have been alone for a long while.”

It was only then that Ádamos realised quite how close the man-bull was to him once more.

"Gabriel, Gregor, Franz and Josef, they… weren't as afflicted as I am."

Ádamos found himself feeling some sort of pain in his bare chest at those words and, had he not been bound, might have reached out to comfort...

"What's your name, my lord?" He asked gently, it terribly having not occurred to him that this poor fellow had ever been given a name.

"Elias." He replied gently, as though he rarely said it aloud.

"A fine name for a fine gentleman, my lord." Ádamos found himself hoping the words comforted his new… friend. “Mine is Ádamos, a common name amongst my people.”

It garnered a smile at least, a strange beastly thing that should have been repulsing but Ádamos once more found endearing.

"Would you let me down, Elias?"

Elias looked conflicted.

"You see me bare before you, I have no weapons. You can keep my xiphos if you wish."

Ádamos meant the words. He wasn't sure at what point he'd decided he didn't wish to bring any harm to Elias, but it had happened. He would go in peace and find another avenue to the fame and fortune he knew was meant for him.

After a few moments thought, Elias nodded and moved in closer, his great furred arms coming up around Ádamos in order to take his weight so he could be loosened out of the vines.

The sensation of the short, coarse fur against his naked flesh sent a shiver through Ádamos, and it seemed as a result of that, Elias shuddered in response. This caused Elias to close his arms tighter and for Ádamos to give a short cry of discomfort as large arms threatened to squeeze the life from him.

Ádamos didn't realise at first that the noise he released had turned into a moan, nor that his cock had stirred and his hips had involuntarily jut forward so that his half hard length pressed into the soft fur of Elias' belly.

Elias froze, his wide eyes blinking.

"I… Sorry," Ádamos began, his face burning red. "I… find, um… sometimes unconventional things arouse me. I didn't meant to frighten you."

Elias let out the bull version of a whinny and blinked rapidly.

"I… arouse you?"

Ádamos wished he could hide his flushed face in his hands. "I… like being treated a bit rough…" He tried to explain without answering the question he was a little worried to own.

"Can I kiss you?" Elias blurted suddenly.

"What? No! I mean… why?" Ádamos tried to find the right course between being released from the vines and, well, Elias' release.

"I've never, um… I've never kissed a mortal, and you're so beautiful."

Ádamos decided to ignore the implication that Elias might have kissed things other than mortals and found himself nodding. What would it hurt if meant he would be untied? And he couldn't deny he was very much not repulsed by the idea, an increasing niggling consideration about being beneath someone so large and muscular.

In fact, with arms holding tight around him, Elias leaned in and his cold lips pressed to Ádamos' moments before a thick tongue pushed into his mouth, Ádamos had no resistance. It had to be near the average size of the last few cocks he'd sucked and Ádamos found himself groaning and pressing himself to Elias as much as the vines would allow.

Elias grunted and deepened the kiss, devouring Ádamos's mouth and-

Ádamos gasped.

His own cock was fully hard and leaking now, enjoying friction against the furred body, and it appeared that Elias had become aroused too.

He closed his eyes, trembling and trying not to imagine being fucked open by the huge cock he could feel against his leg.

It was too late, the thought took him and he shook as he unexpectedly and unwillingly came against Elias' fur.

Elias looked more shocked than Ádamos was, and for a moment neither of them moved.

Deep down, a small part of Ádamos felt mortified. He was sure he hadn’t come like that since he was a teenager. But most of him was too consumed with still being completely aroused to be concerned with that.

It would never have entered his mind before, that he could find someone like Elias attractive, and perhaps that attraction had increased significantly when he felt the size of his cock and the brush of his fur. But there was attraction all the same. And he couldn’t deny that being trussed up wasn’t exactly a turn off.

“Oimoi,” Ádamos exclaimed breathlessly, before trying to lean towards Elias for another kiss. His bindings held him still and he just managed a gentle sway, but it was apparently enough to spur Elias into kissing him again.

Despite having just come, Ádamos felt arousal pooling in his groin and knew it wouldn’t take especially long for him to get hard again. And he wanted that, desperately.

The thick tongue delved into his mouth once more and Ádamos moaned as he thought about it exploring the rest of his body.

He gasped for breath and managed to pull back, “Will you let me down, I want…”

Elias grunted and tangled his hands into the vines, tugging them to release them but it only resulted in them tightening.

Ádamos cried out, his eyes rolling as he felt the burn of the tightness and enjoyed it.

“You’re going to make me come again,” The words came out interspersed with near hysterical laughter.

This day had certainly taken a turn.

Elias grunted again and stopped trying to loosen the vines, instead taking hold of Ádamos’ waist and pulled him forward a little, repositioning him so that his feet were almost on the floor, but not quite.

He shivered under the large hands, enjoying being roughly manhandled and in anticipation of what was to come.

Anticipation turned to trepidation as Elias stood back a pace and pulled off his loincloth to fully reveal the biggest dick Ádamos had ever seen. So big that it hung heavy under the loincloth, and had no longer been fully obscured as it clearly grew to a greater length with Elias’ interest.

It looked more human than beast for the most part, though the head looked slightly more square beneath the straining foreskin - blunt and a little flared. Midway along the shaft there was a slight ridge as likely could be found in cattle, but was not overly pronounced.

Ádamos swallowed and startled as Elias started back towards him, unable to stop thinking about what that cock might feel like inside him.

“Wait!”

Elias stopped in his tracks and looked like a scalded child.

Ádamos winced, “No… Elias, I haven’t changed my mind I just… Um, oil? In my pack.”

Elias’ big brow knit in a frown and Ádamos realised he was going to have to walk his would-be lover through this.

“You’re… very big. I will need something to… Ease the way.”

Given his proclivities, Ádamos routinely stowed oils in his pack, and it had come in handy with more than one of the sailors, despite none of them really moving his world.

It looked like Elias might change all that.

The man-bull nodded, his eyes wide as he caught Ádamos’ meaning and went to rifle through the pack. Aside from anything else it gave Ádamos the perfect vantage from which to really look upon Elias. Every muscle was defined, he was all over lean other than a fluffy pouch of a stomach, which Ádamos was unsure was flesh or thick fur.

The fur, which Ádamos had to admit was more arousing than he would have ever imagined, was visibly coarse for the most part, longer, softer hair grew thick between his thighs, not obscuring his heavy balls, as well as his stomach and chest.

Ádamos found himself wanting to run his hands through that fur, letting out a low moan at the thought and wishing he could put a hand on his own twitching cock. A question flashed through his mind -

Am I really going to do this?

He had come to kill a monster and take his head back to show the deed, write his own tales of his adventure whilst he wrote himself into history. He had come for the fame, fortune and glory. He had expended his only wealth on this venture, an investment as he would never pay for anything again once he returned a hero. And in quick order he had not only baulked at killing the monster - at killing Elias - but he was now also giving himself over to being ravaged. Quite willingly. In fact the thought had his cock almost hard once more.

The fact that Elias seemed near virginal in his approach, made Ádamos feel a sort of uncomfortable responsibility that he had never felt before. Even when taking someone's virginity for certain.

Elias was before him again, he pulled Ádamos forward by the hips, looking uncertain despite Ádamos' encouraging noises, as he pulled Ádamos' legs up around his waist. Ádamos immediately gripped Elias with his legs, watching with baited breath as Elias began emptying almost the entire contents of the small leather flask into his large palm before blinking at Ádamos.

"Use your fingers.... push some oil into me and the rest on your cock," He instructed gently.

The noise Elias made was a sort of soft braying that might have been nervousness, certainly his hand was shaking a little as two thick digits moved between Ádamos' legs and pressed oil to his hole.

Gentle motions gave way to a firmer push and Ádamos cried out as both fingers - as big as any cock he had ever taken - pushed inside him. At the cry Elias retreated, pulling his fingers back out even as his cock sprang up and smacked against Ádamos in it's want.

"Again…" Ádamos panted, concerned that he had frightened Elias off. Despite another little worried bray, Elias nodded and gently pushed one finger in, moving it as though he were feeling around inside Ádamos, trying to understand what this part of him was.

Ádamos shuddered a moan as Elias stroked over his prostate, and the man-bull quickly repeated the motion. Ádamos wished his hands were free so he could cling to Elias, dig his fingers into his fur.

He let out a low moan as Elias pushed the second finger back in and fucked in and out slowly, whilst clearly and intently watching Ádamos' face to gauge his reactions. And his reaction was his expression twisting into a complete betrayal of the pain and pleasure running through him.

Ádamos, clenching tight with his thighs, did his best to fuck himself on Elias' fingers, and his clear enthusiasm had the man-bull's thick, hard length slapping against him again.

With a grunt, Elias removed his fingers and began to slick up his cock, pouring the very last drop from the flask directly onto his cock before dropping it to the ground and lining himself up.

His eyes were wide and as disbelieving as Ádamos' apparently, that this was happening.

Ádamos felt the flared head press against him and slide away once, then again. On the third time it caught his near puffy rim enough to find purchase and Elias pressed in.

They panted in unison, both wide-eyed staring at each other as Elias slid inch after slow inch into him.

They both let out a sort of strangled cry as Elias went as deep as he could, not to the hilt, but close enough that his large, furry balls brushed against Ádamos.

Ádamos realised tears were leaking from his eyes at the exertion and his cock was making a valiant effort to stir once more.

With a grunt, Elias pressed his face to the crook of Ádamos' neck and wrapped his big arms around the smaller body before thrusting up into him.

Ádamos moaned, the feeling of being so completely imprisoned by his lover was just as much a turn on as being restrained had been. Clearly he'd been missing out on further exploring these kinks in the past.

Elias puffed hot air at his neck as he began to slowly move in and out, his thick thighs doing all the work as Ádamos rocked in the vines.

Ádamos moaned at the sensation, the flared cockhead dragging inside him in the most glorious way, causing him to shudder and his cock to fill a little more each time it passed over his prostate.

It didn't take long for him to become fully hard again and he shuddered as his cock rubbed between them.

"H-harder…" Ádamos found himself muttering as close to Elias' fluffy ears as he could.

Elias grunted, more than a grunt, it was something definitely bull-like that shot sparks of arousal all the way down to Ádamos' balls.

Elias squeezed him closer, almost knocking the breath from him before he began to pound into him, his heavy balls swinging up to smack against Ádamos with every thrust.

The lewd sounds of their joining echoed around the grove as much as their grunts and moans, as much as the clomp of hooves as Elias stomped here and there, finding better purchase and better angle.

Ádamos didn't realise the vines were tightening again until the pain started to sting.

He cried out, which just spurred Elias into fucking him harder until Ádamos could feel as much as hear something tearing, a tighter bite and then release as the vines snapped under the force of their fucking.

On instinct, Ádamos' now freed hands flew forward and clutched at Elias' firm and muscular form. A pleasure in itself, he discovered, cursing himself for never before having realised what delight he might find in something like this. Being with someone so much larger, being with someone who was all but a beast in every sense.

It occurred to him that perhaps a latent desire for this had informed his decision to take this adventure. There were many other things he could have done, heroic or not, to seal his fate and place him in the annals of history. And yet seeking out a monster was the course he had chosen.

A monster he could see as nothing but a man and find himself instantly attracted to.

Ádamos was too busy enjoying the exploration of that to consider further, biting his lower lip in pleasure as his fingers sank into Eias' thick hide.

The change in support unbalanced them both and they fell against the trunk of the tree, Ádamos letting out a sharp wince of pain as the bark hit his back and dug in. In truth it just added to the throbbing of his cock and he wondered if he might come untouched as Elias continued to fuck him against the tree. The trunk and every limb shaking as they rocked against it.

There was a slight creaking that made Ádamos wonder if they would manage to bring the tree down too, but he didn't care, he just wanted Elias to keep filling him so wonderfully.

Every thrust spraked intense pleasure, every drag of the obsenely large phallus had Ádamos knowing he was going to ache for its loss when this was over.

"Oh gods," Ádamos muttered, his fingers digging into fur as their bodies slammed together, pulling so tight that in the end there was no room for movement and it was only Elias' pistoning hips that moved.

"I… I'm…" Elias stuttered the words and Ádamos could practically feel Elias' body tensing as he grew closer to release.

"Please… please…" Ádamos found himself begging and meaning it. He could think of nothing more thrilling in that moment than to have Elias spill inside him and fill him with every drop of seed his heavy balls contained. "Inside me… please…"

Elias grunted and seized for a moment, his whole body becoming rigid before he started to breath again. He started to slam into Ádamos even as he felt the hot, thick come pouring inside him, unable to leak out as it was trapped by Elias' sheer girth.

The thought had Ádamos whimpering and longing for his own release, so much so that he automatically started to try and grind himself against that furry belly once more and repeat the climax that now felt like too long ago.

Elias slowed his thrusts, apparently almost empty now, and rested his head against the straining tree.

They breathed together for a moment before Elias pushed up and off the tree, clinging as tightly to Ádamos as he clung back.

Just as Ádamos wondered if he was about to be bound again, or what other purpose Elias had for him, Elias slowly lowered to the ground, not stopping until he was flat on his back with Ádamos over him - still joined.

Elias blinked up at him and stroked his hands over Ádamos' hips before shifting them slightly, trying to encourage. Ádamos understood and nodded, still trying to catch his breath, with sweat now dropping onto Elias' furred belly as he began to move again.

Elias lay still, his head thrown back in ecstasy as he continued to come, albeit in smaller spurts, as Ádamos rocked on his cock in attempt to find his own release.

It was slow, languid. It was almost sensual as Ádamos ran one hand through the thick fur of Elias' underside and placed the other on his wanting erection. He stroked it to the slow rhythm he had set,

breaths coming out in shudders and eyes rolling as he brought himself slowly to the edge of climax. Overwhelmed and oversensitive, he trembled as he moved, now and then lifting up on straining legs before sinking back down again. Each time earning another grunt from Elias who just squeezed his hips in a way that could only be described as affectionate.

Ádamos gazed down at Elias as he moved, drawn in by the large tender eyes, until he found himself leaning down and kissing the man-bull. His thick tongue slipped gently into Ádamos' mouth once more and Ádamos whined.

It was all so much. It was everything.

Ádamos reclined further down, sprawling across Elias' broad, furry frame. Stroking and playing his fingers in the fur as he maintained the slow pace. His cock caught between them again, Ádamos was fit to burst.

Large hands moved up his back, exploring his flesh in the most intimate way Ádamos was sure he had experienced. He moaned into Elias' mouth and felt him shudder and release a little more inside him as he pulled the leather strap from Ádamos' throat.

It was only the new position that made Ádamos realise quite how much he had already been filled. His belly was tender and full, round with Elias' seed and another sensation he'd had no idea he had been missing before.

"Oh gods, oh…" Ádamos sobbed as he rocked slowly to his climax, the thought of his own seed spilling over the fur he pressed against finally pushing him over the edge.

His whole body convulsed, his balls drawing up and his legs trembling. His inner muscles undulated in such a way that it pulled yet more seed from Elias, with a half agonised cry, whilst finally pushing some of the release passed the huge cock and out of Ádamos' stretched rim.

Ádamos lay shaking on Elias' chest, warm hands holding him, nestling him closer to the warm fur though it wasn't the cold that was the issue. When he released Elias was trembling too, making snuffling noises as though trying not to cry.

"Elias?" Ádamos asked, not moving his head which was comfortable nestled into thick chest fur. "Are you alright?"

"Yes, of course I am!" Elias blustered with a defensive tone, though Ádamos could hear the plaintive sigh and tremor beneath. "I am a very good lover and… and… you're very lucky that I have come inside you, it's a great honour…"

There was no conviction behind the words, and Ádamos felt only the desperate need for validation.

It brought a little smile to his lips, because it wasn't a lie when Ádamos agreed, "You're right Elias. You're the best lover I have ever had. I am honoured."

Ádamos pulled back then to look down at Elias, surprised to see how watery his eyes were. The man-bull was on the verge of tears again.

"Don't tease me." Elias huffed, though beneath it the words were full of pain. "Don't lie to me."

“Elias…” Ádamos cupped his furred cheek and considered for the briefest moment telling the entire truth of his quest.

Elias blinked up at him and Ádamos leaned in to kiss him again, nuzzling at his lips before kissing him deep and slow as he clenched his ass around his lover.

Elias grunted and then moaned - a different pitch and clearly oversensitive and in discomfort. His rough hands took hold of Ádamos’ hips and began to lift him. Ádamos thought Elias meant to lift him off of his cock, but then he pushed him just as slowly, just as gently back down.

Ádamos groaned as Elias moved him up and down his amazingly still hard cock, pleasure rippling through him but with no hope of another release so soon. This didn’t much mar his enjoyment and he breathed shaky breaths against Elias’ mouth.

“So good…” He muttered, “Truly the gods have blessed me in finding you, my lord.”

Ádamos was unable to say more as he squeezed his eyes shut and lost himself to the sensation of being loved by this great creature. Because it felt like love, where with another it might feel like being used. It felt like worship and he found he wanted to worship Elias in return. Rebuild the altars of the temple and sacrifice goats at his feet. If only Elias would let him stay beside him and feel this way forever.

There was no doubt left, no second guessing or errant thoughts. Elias let out the softest moan Ádamos was sure he had ever heard, and once more released his hot seed inside of him before gently pulling out to allow it to trickle thickly down from his hole. The sensation was wonderful and all Ádamos could think of was taking Elias back inside him again. And again. For whatever time the gods would allow.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Smut. Angst. Reconciliation. Happy Ending.

Ádamos woke, quickly realising a great number of things: That he had passed out shortly after Elias had pulled out of him; that much of his lower half was coated in dried come that likely belonged to the both of them; and that the sun had set and he was cradled in strong arms.

He drifted again, warm and comfortable with Elias at his back and the warmth of his arms cocooning him.

When Ádamos woke again it was light and Elias was clearly awake. His hard cock was pressed firmly between Ádamos' thighs and Elias was rocking ever so slightly.

"Elias?"

Elias stopped and Ádamos felt him hold his breath.

"I… I woke with my… it was already there and hard and then I moved and it felt nice and…"

Ádamos couldn't help the smile, wondering how he might tell Elias that he would gladly take his cock anytime, without sounding too desperate. So instead he raised one leg enough to take hold of Elias' cock and slide it into his still stretched hole.

Ádamos moved his hips a little, and Elias resumed his own movements so that they were very gently rocking together.

"Oh, by the gods I would keep you inside me forever," Ádamos exclaimed before he could help himself.

Elias whimpered and his hips jolted, thrusting deep into Ádamos on instinct and spurting a stream of come.

"Sorry… I… I didn't mean…" Elias' concerns were cut off by the long moan Ádamos let out.

"I love the feeling of that. Love you coming inside me." Ádamos reassured before craning his head over his shoulder to press his lips to Elias' mouth as his own cock hardened completely.

Elias returned the kiss and they lay there, languidly moving against each other until the sun was high in the sky and Elias had released within him more times than he could count. His own cock was so hard he knew it would take little to give him his climax, but he held off. The pain of ignoring his arousal was its own kind of pleasure.

As the morning passed, Elias became more at ease, more confident in his touches and more free with his speech.

Ádamos encouraged him with praise and genuine interest as the man-bull told him more of his father and the curse upon him, and how he had come to be on this island.

“Father had thought it safest, away from the mortals who would try to kill me before even getting to know me. People can be very rude!”

Ádamos nodded and stroked the furry head that lay in his naked lap.

They had moved as the sun had, seeking shelter in the shade with Ádamos leaning against a tree and Elias reclining so that Ádamos could segment an orange and feed it to his lover.

“It must have been difficult alone.”

“I wasn’t alone at first. There were the priests. My father left me as a child at the temple and they took me in and housed me in the labyrinth. At first I thought this was to protect me, but when they left I realised they had only ever seen me as a beast. They had brought me offerings… food and drink, supplies. But then they were gone and I had to fend for myself.”

Ádamos soothed Elias and stroked fingers over his brow.

“You are very clever to have survived alone like that.”

Elias huffed and bristled, “Of course. I am incredibly clever. Very few others would have survived as I have. Especially after the mortals began to arrive.”

“Mortals? Like me?” Ádamos asked, completely invested in the tale.

Elias shook his head and frowned. “No, not like you. These men were seekers of fortune and glory. They called themselves heroes and wanted to kill me and take my head or hide back as a trophy. Many times I would overhear them in my tunnels before I would rush upon them and trample them down or snap their necks. It was very rude of them to trespass and to plot my death.”

Ádamos swallowed and felt his heart start to race, his palms begin to sweat, as Elias continued.

“For a few years there were many, but there hasn’t been one in a long while now. And then the roof caved and I came outside. I think the gods favour me and give me this paradise. I cannot help that they cursed my father.”

Elias stopped and his expression grew thoughtful as his jaw began to move like he was chewing cud rather than the orange.

“Perhaps the gods brought you here too? For me… For both of us.” Elias sounded gruff, defensive as though trying to hide his hope.

“Perhaps.” Ádamos replied, trying to pull on a smile and hearing the quiver in his voice.

“Ádamos?”

“I…” Ádamos shook a little, his nerves obvious with no clothes to hide him. “Elias I want to tell you the truth, and I know you will be upset. But I need you to know that I could hide the truth from you and I choose not to even though I know you could kill me with the slightest squeeze of your hand at my throat.”

Elias frowned at sat up, turning to face Ádamos and still towering over him.

“I came here for your head too. And by the gods I think I was supposed to come here, and not to kill you. But to find you and serve you, worship you, as I felt you worshipping me. I think the gods meant me for your mate, and it has changed my heart. A heart that will break if you-”

Elias tensed and cut through Ádamos’ words with a snort of breath from his flared nostrils, hot against Ádamos’ naked flesh.

“You came to kill me.”

“I did not know you then-”

Elias raised to his feet and Ádamos tensed, expecting a blow. Expecting many number of things but what then happened.

Elias began to cry, large rolling tears that soaked the fur of his face and dripped down to the grass below. He wailed and bawled as he turned and strode off deeper into the grove. Ádamos could hear the sobs, obscuring almost anything else. Until he could hear the horn.

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Ádamos had managed to navigate his way back to the temple, through the tunnels, in less than half the time it had taken him to wander into the grove, and he was barely clear of the building when he happened upon a party from the ship.

Several strong sailors, concerned more for their further rewards rather than Ádamos' safety, had found the remnants of his little camp of what felt like a lifetime ago. One was about to blow the horn again but then saw him.

"Ádamos, alive! Thank the gods. Did you find the monster?"

The sailor's words jarred Ádamos. Elias was so far from a monster. Just a lonely, abandoned creature that was deserving of love, and not even pity.

Ádamos shook his head as he tried to find words without his voice breaking, "There… There was no monster. I found bones. Huge, long dry bones that might once have been a monster. But there is no living thing here now. Our opportunity has been missed."

Some sighed with regret for the loss of their part in this adventure, other mumbled angrily. One or two eyed him suspiciously, which was totally understandable given that he'd probably given them enough cause on the voyage to view him as nefarious.

But after a moment of mumbling between themselves, they began to turn back to the path to the beach. The crew mentioned they had stocked with what they could from the island and could set sail on the next favourable tide. Ádamos nodded as they spoke, taking little in other than the knowledge that he was soon to leave. What other choice did he have?

They might have got back to the shore had it not been for the most vigilant and suspicious in their party. The one who had to go and spot the indentation of oversized hooves in the soft earth. Perhaps Elias had watched over him that night by the temple.

"You said-"

"Perhaps these are.."

"These are fresh imprints Ádamos, what are you keeping from us?

"I…"

Ádamos was sorely outnumbered as they turned inward on him, all beginning to pull their weapons.

"There is no monster!" Ádamos raised his voice and spoke firmly as he spoke what he knew to be the truth even if to them it was a lie.

"Ádamos…" One of them warned.

Further discussion was cut off by a deep bellow. A truly monstrous sound that echoed around the entire island.

A few of the men ran, scurrying back towards the shore, others raised their weapons. Many glared at Ádamos, sure he was hiding something from them.

Ádamos glanced around, not so much looking for escape but entrance, willing Elias not to fall upon them. He was strong but surely would be injured by these armed men, who were now prepared to fight.

“Yes,” Ádamos agreed abruptly, “I lied.”

There were murmurs of discontent and he held up his hands to placate the men, who were now both angry and perhaps frightened. Something he wanted to use to his benefit.

“I lied to save your lives. The beast… It’s a minotaur greater than that birthed by Pasiphaë. This great hulking monster would tear us all limb from limb. All around the area where it dwells, is littered with the bleached bones of those who had attempted this quest before. I cannot ask you to lay down your lives, for some… many of you would surely die.” Ádamos swallowed and looked around to see that all eyes were on him and fully regaled. He had a talent for storytelling. “And in truth… In truth,” He lowered his head, “I do not wish to die the way those men clearly had. I do not wish that foul beast to rip apart my body, to… to defecate… to violate my corpse.”

Ádamos laid it on thick, giving the most convincing woebegotten look he could. From the returned looks of disgust, he seemed to be managing to put the sailors off.

He cleared his throat, “And then… I-I came across a fresher corpse,” He let out a trembling breath. “He was in the sort of state you can image from what I described before. But more - the beast had taken his eyes, and his ears, and his tongue, so that he might not take those with him to the afterlife.”

This caused uproar, and Ádamos worried he riled them too far, and they might try and seek Elias out.

Poor lonely, misunderstood, loving Elias.

He couldn’t let that happen.

“I know your anger friends, your outrage. I feel it too. More so for I have seen all this with my own two eyes! I would sorely love to behead this beast as had been my intention. But I know I will die. I

know you will too if you try. This is the reason this island is abandoned. This foul horned monster… He stands ten foot tall, at least. He has hide so thick no sword will penetrate it. Teeth so large they would snap you in two." He took a breath, given them each a serious look. "This place is cursed my friends, and I fear he already has my scent."

As if perfectly timed, Elias roared again, closer still.

Every sailor startled and a few more ran towards the beach, but many held their ground.

"I will slow him!" Ádamos declared, heroically. "Go, get back to the ship and leave one boat at the shore. I will try to hold him back and buy you time to escape. I am responsible for bringing you here and I won't have your lives on my hands!"

Ádamos spoke passionately, and despite one or two suspicious expressions, the other remaining sailors nodded and gave encouraging words of support.

"If I do not return to the ship by sunset, leave without me. For I will have died a hero. Tell my tale and remember my name, Ádamos of Thebes."

At that the men nodded anew and he turned on his heel, taking a deep breath and unsheathing his xiphos to hold before him as though going into battle.

He didn't look back until he was almost out of view, turning to see that - yes - the sailors were returning to the ship.

Ádamos breathed a sigh of relief and let his shoulders sag.

He could buy time here, maybe rough himself up a little, and then return to the ship with a great tale of courage and near death. Or…

Or he could stay on the island.

The thought made his chest and groin ache.

Ludicrous perhaps, but Ádamos had never met anyone like Elias before. Not in the physical sense, of course, but it was more that Ádamos had never before met someone that he wanted to know better. He had never fucked, or been fucked by, someone who he wanted to explore that with again and again.

In short, after a life of following every intrigue he encountered, Ádamos for the first time, was finding someone interesting.

That seemed to make his mind up for him and he began to pick up his pace until he was eventually running back towards the temple, looking for his way back to Elias.

He would stay. And if Elias would not have that, he would have to convince him. He was yet to unleash upon Elias his skillful mouth that had earned him quite the reputation over the years.

*

Ádamos was nearly out of breath when he returned to the clearing in front of the temple, having travelled as fast as his could. Finding himself very much wanting to be back in Elias' company.

He was nearing the temple entrance when the bellow sounded again, this time very close and Ádamos wondered if Elias had rounded back at the same time he had.

When Elias roared again it was closer still and echoed all around.

Ádamos' breathing picked up and he loosened his perizoma until he was naked beneath his chiton, then lowered himself to his knees, head cowed like a supplicant.

He waited, and hoped. Glad to hear the heavy thud of approaching hooves.

"Why are you here?" Elias demanded and Ádamos found himself unable to look up at that tone. He should probably be scared for his life, but really was more terrified that he might be rejected.

"I… I came back to be with you my lord." Ádamos answered softly, before finally looking up into watery red eyes.

Elias let out a loud sob, his nostrils wet, "I… heard the things you said about me. You called me a beast and a monster. Said I did unspeakable things. You're a liar Ádamos."

"I only said those things to protect you, otherwise the sailors would have come to try and kill you," Ádamos tried to reason.

"You came to kill me!" Elias pointed out, "Very rude!"

"Yes, well… that was before I knew you, Elias… Before… Before you fucked me so perfectly that only the gods truly know my pleasure." Flattery but not so very far from the truth.

Elias preened at the comment, "Yes, I am a very skillful lover, I am usually the best anyone has experienced."

Ádamos nodded his agreement, ignoring the fact that Elias had already disclosed that he had never lain with a mortal before, which Ádamos thought the more likely truth from his boastful companion.

"Please," Ádamos looked up as Elias stepped closer, reaching his hand out and sinking fingers into the fur at the top of Elias' thigh. "I don't want to leave."

Ádamos licked his lips, delighted to see that Elias had not put his loincloth back on. He leaned forward and pressed his face to Elias' swollen sack, ready to spill more seed.

Elias made a keening noise in the back of his throat and one hand went instinctively to the back of Ádamos' head, the other to his now stirring cock.

Ádamos moaned as he began to nuzzle at the hefty, furred testicles, licking and placing open mouthed kisses over them, sucking at them lightly, though he knew he had no hope to take even one of them into his mouth.

Elias' cock was thickening against his cheek and he let out a shuddering breath, before turning his head and nuzzling against the turgid flesh.

"I want to stay," He reiterated, which brought something like whimper from Elias' throat. Ádamos buried his face in Elias' balls once more, bringing a hand up to massage them as he mouthed at them, his mind already focused on feeling Elias spill inside him once more.

Elias must have grown inpatient because he then grabbed Ádamos and pulled him to his feet, having to lean his massive bulk down in order to press his mouth to Ádamos'. Ádamos moaned, opening his mouth to allow the thick, probing tongue in once more.

Ádamos flung his arms up around Elias' neck, gripping on so that he could practically climb his lover and take hold of his horns. Once he had purchase he pulled back from the kiss, trying to catch his breath as his heart thundered in his chest just at the thought of taking Elias again.

"Elias…" Ádamos near moaned, breathless. "I love your cock, it's so perfect, you're so perfect." Ádamos was muttering the words as he shifted his weight to hold just one horn and snake the other between him to try and guide Elias into him.

But Elias shuddered and then tensed, Ádamos stilled.

"Don't…" Elias gasped and Ádamos wondered if he had misjudged the entire situation, thinking of how much larger Elias was and the harm he could do if he was so inclined. "Don't… say nice things at this moment… I know I am very impressive but… I…"

Ádamos realised Elias was now squeezing his cock and it was clear he was trying desperately not to come. The praise obviously did things to him, and Ádamos recalled Elias had come almost instantly that morning when he had told Elias how much he loved being filled by him.

Ádamos nodded, "Yes… Just fuck me…"

He grabbed both horns again and leaned in to kiss Elias, angling their heads together so Elias' tongue could slide almost to the back of his throat.

He left Elias to arrange himself, and it took a few minutes before the risk of Elias coming too soon, subsided, that the man-bull finally moved. He positioned himself at Ádamos' entrance before slowly pushing in. The very action had Ádamos' eyes rolling with pleasure as he was breached and filled.

Ádamos bit into his lower lip to stop from releasing the litany of praise ready to spill from his tongue over the best sex he'd ever had. Instead he let out whimpers and grunts, and they worked just as well to get Elias to thrust up into him

He still had tight hold of Elias' horns, but he didn't try to keep control as Elias pressed his large bull face into the crook of Ádamos' neck and wrapped his massive arms around his body. Ádamos felt wonderfully held as Elias huffed a hot breath against his skin and then began to pound up into him.

Ádamos went pliant, almost entirely lost to the sensation. The drag against his inner pleasure, the feeling of taking it so hard and so deep. It was everything he'd ever wanted from being penetrated but didn't dare so say. He would save the praise for when they relaxed upon the grass afterwards, basking in the sun and tracing light patterns over each others' skin.

Or maybe before then…

Ádamos felt his pleasure building and used his hands to pull himself up a little, changing his position just enough that his cock fully caught between them and was rolled in the thick fur of Elias' groin. Elias held him tight in the new position, fucking with the energy of an animal as he slammed into Ádamos over and over until he was crying out his pleasure against Elias' fur.

He was so close, his whole body tightening and his own balls drawing up.

He could feel that familiar pool of pleasure and knew it would only be a matter of moments before he spilled between them.

“You’re so beautiful Elias,” Ádamos moaned, “So good to me, you fuck me so good. Your beautiful cock feels so good inside me.”

Elias whimpered and shook, his whole body near confulsing, as he warned, “I’ll… I’ll…”

“I want you to come so hard inside me, fill me up.” Ádamos continued as he moved his hands down from Elias’ horns to caress his furred face, pulling back enough to pepper kisses over his nose and lips. “I want you so much. You’re perfect.”

With that Elias made a nose something between a grunt and a cry as he shook through his orgasm. Ádamos moaned at the feeling, his eyes rolling as he came too, milking all the more from Elias who was practically weeping with pleasure.

It took a moment for Ádamos to realise that Elias’ sobbing was not lessening, in fact it was growing in intensity as he crushed Ádamos against him and sank to his knees. The jolt made Ádamos groan, his spent cock trying to find the pleasure in it all the same.

“Elias?” Ádamos asked gently.

“No one…” Elias hiccuped the words, “No one has ever… You want to stay here? With me?”

Ádamos couldn’t help the smile, running his hands soothingly over every inch of Elias that he could reach.

“Shh, yes my lord,” He felt Elias’ cock twitch at the words, “I can think of no reason to leave, and many to remain.”

Seated as he was in Elias’ lap, Ádamos began to circle his hips, clenching his inner muscles around Elias’ thick member as he did so, until Elias was whimpering again. Fat tears fell from his face and landed on Ádamos’s skin, mixing with his sweat.

Elias suddenly squeezed him tight and came again, Ádamos humming his delight as he felt it leaking down his thighs.

“Can I stay?” Ádamos whispered against Elias’ ear.

Elias sniffed a few times, cleared his throat, and then wiped his face against Ádamos to dry the tears. Ádamos, gods help him, found it all very endearing.

Elias squared his shoulders and let out a gruff noise that sounded like he was trying his hardest to appear discontent, even as his cock continued to pulse within Ádamos every few moments.

“You can stay,” Elias grumbled, as though under sufferance, but it made Ádamos smile all the same.

“Thank you my lord,” Ádamos sighed, finding he meant the words more and more.

He had come to make note of himself in the annals of history. To be forever known and celebrated as the tamer of a monster.

Things seemed to have worked out just fine.

End Notes

Next chapter = smut + wonderful banner art made by BiaOak

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